

THE
BRITISH STAGE
A
FARCE



(Price Six-pence.)



(Three pence)

THE
BRITISH STAGE;
OR, THE
EXPLOITS
OF
HARLEQUIN:
A
FARCE.

As it is Performed by a Company
of Wonderful Comedians at both The-
atres, with Universal Applause; With
all its Original Songs, Scenes, and Ma-
chines.

Design'd as an After-Entertainment for the Au-
diences of *HARLEQUIN* Doctor *FAU-*
STUS, and the *NECROMANCER*.

*Here you've a Dragon, Windmill, and a Devil,
A Doctor, Conjurer, all wond'rous civil;
A Harlequin, and Puppets, Ghosts, and Fiends,
And Raree-Show to gain some Actors Ends:
So perfectly polite is grown this Town,
No Play, without a Windmill, will go down.*

L O N D O N,
Printed for T. WARNER, at the *Black-Boy*
in *Pater-noster-row*. M.DCC.XXIV.





T H E
P R E F A C E.



THE Entertainments of Harlequin and Doctor Faustus having been lately introduced on both our Theatres, with the most universal Approbation, it heighten'd my Curiosity to see what had occasioned so much Mirth and Diversion to others;

thers ; but notwithstanding there was a crowded Audience each Night when I was present, and the whole Company distributed Applauses, they were so far from giving me any real Pleasure, that I frequently bit my Lips, whilst others were laughing, and often laugh'd when others were silent.

I could not sometimes forbear grinning, and extorting my Muscles, at a sight which indeed excited my Surprize ; A representation of Puppets I did not expect, nor a Windmill, or a Dragon, on our polite Stages : But such I found there, and to the immortal Honour of this Age be it Recorded, That they were represented a Month together, and met with far greater Applause than the Politest and most Elegant Play that ever appear'd upon the British Theatre.

The

The following whimsical humorous Scenes, I confess, are taken from those witty Entertainments; and I hope the Town will vouchsafe to countenance a Dramatick Piece, which has every where kept true to the Wit and Humour of what they have been so much pleas'd with, the famous Dr. Faustus, the Dragon, and the Windmill.

And the Reader is desir'd to be inform'd, that the latter of these Actors, with others their Companions, are made by the Author to speak in this Performance, to atone for those Characters which are Dumb in the Original Entertainments.



T H E

The Actors Names.

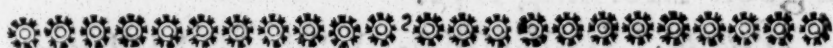
The Devil	—	Mr. <i>L</i> — <i>e</i> .
Conjurers and		{ Mr. <i>T</i> — <i>d</i> .
Harlequins	—	{ Mr. <i>R</i> — <i>b</i> .
Ghosts	—	{ Mr. <i>W</i> — <i>s</i> .
		{ Mr. <i>W</i> — <i>r</i> .
Fiend	—	Mr. <i>O</i> — <i>n</i> .
Shade	—	Mrs. <i>T</i> — <i>d</i> .
Afs (the <i>Town</i>)		Mr. <i>H</i> — <i>l</i> .
Owl (the <i>Theatre</i>)		Mr. <i>C</i> — <i>r</i> .
Dragon	—	Mr. <i>B</i> — <i>k</i> .
Windmill	—	Mr. <i>S</i> — <i>r</i> .
Punch	—	Mr. <i>B</i> — <i>b</i> .
Puppets		{ <i>Dicky N</i> — <i>s</i> .
		{ <i>Pinky and Hip</i> .—

SCENE laid in *LONDON*.

(1)



THE
BRITISH STAGE:
A
F A R C E.



Enter Afs, Owl, Dragon, and Windmill.

Afs.



Am not I a proper Representative of this great Metropolis, grown old in Stupidity, and abandon'd to all Wit?

Owl. Right—you are, my Dear; and 'tis I who represent the *British* Theatre.

Afs. My Ears are long and large, and open to all Folly.

B

Owl.

Owl. And with my Lungs I hollow it out manfully—But prithee now who are those odd Companions of ours yonder?—they appear dreadful—One I see is a Giant, by his stature.

Afs. They are very harmless Animals : The Dragon has no Teeth ; and the Windmill is a fine Gentleman.

Owl. But has n't the Dragon a Tail ?—Adlife I'm afraid of his Approaches ; and then for your fine Gentleman, has he no Cudgel to exercise his gigantick Strength ? adad I don't like the smell of an oaken Towel.

Afs. No, no——ha——ha——you're tim'rous indeed——you'll soon be convinc'd your Apprehensions are groundless.

(The Dragon and Windmill advance.)

Drag. Your Servant, Gentlemen——a good Morning t'ye.

Windm. Gentlemen, your Servant——I'm yours most affectionately. *(Bowing low.)*

Afs. Do ye see, Mr. *Owl*, how complaisant these Gentleman behave ?—Mr. *Dragon* and Mr. *Windmill*, I'm your most obedient Servant.

Owl. Gentlemen, I'm your very obedient, obsequious Coxcomb and Servant, and all that——

Drag. This Fellow's a Fop—I'll teach ye Manners, Mr. *Screech-Owl*.——

(Snaps at him.)
Owl.

Owl. Pray keep your distance, Mr. *Snap-Dragon*—I must fly, or I shall lose my Head.— (*Running about the Stage.*)

Afs. Well, but how have you employ'd yourselves of late, Mr. *Dragon* and Mr. *Windmill*?

Windm. Wond'rously advantageous, Sir—Mr. *Dragon* has been singing for a whole Month together, and I have been dancing like a Jack in the Lanthorn all the time: Every Night of our celebrated Representation, we were honoured with an Audience of Fifteen Hundred Persons, and we put above One Hundred Pieces into our Pockets of ready Rino, for our wonderful Performances.

Afs. The Judgment of this Town is so very excellent, that I cannot too much applaud it—We now see how Wit flourishes.

Drag. Besides my singing, I've constantly spit Fire, flew about the Air, mounted a Giant on my Back, and squirted a Dancing-Master at every Fizzle.

Afs. Wond'rous witty——I'm amaz'd at the Invention.

Windm. Then the *Harlequin* Conjuror jump'd over the Moon, without breaking his Shins—We had Shades that could sing, and Ghosts which could dance; Puppets that were Men, and Men who were Puppets: And as to my Part, it was so exceeding dext'rous, that all People were

amaz'd, and usher'd me in with the loudest Applauses.

Afs. Adzooks I wou'd not give a Farthing for a Play without a Windmill in't—Methinks there's so much Wit in it, that the Author of it deserves a Statue of Brass.

Drag. You're right——What is a Play without a Windmill?—Then there must be a Dragon, or the Drama will not be compleat.

Owl. And an Owl too, to furnish proper Musick——Observe the Harmony of this Voice.——

(Hollows.)

Afs. Excellent!——Surely this is the politest Age of the World; it so suits my elegant Inclinations, that I bless and hug myself with the thoughts of coming into Life at a time so gallant.

Owl. Have done——Here comes Mr. *Harlequin* the Conjuror.

Enter Harlequin, skipping about.

Harl. What are you, pray Sir?——

(To the Afs.)

Afs. I'm Mr. *Dennis's* Afs——I am the Town, Mr. Conjuror.

Harl. Well answer'd——You're my Friend——But who are you, Sir?——

(To the Owl.)

Owl.

Owl. I am a sort of Creature call'd an Owl——Ha——ha——ha——I'm the Stage, Sir——

Harl. Then you are my Master; I respect you, Sir.——Pray your Name?——

(To the Dragon.

Drag. I am your Dragon, and Dragon-maker, Sir——and your most humble Servant——

Harl. Very well——Your's, Sir?——

(To the Windmill.

Windm. My Name, Sir——is Mr. *Windmill*, at your Ingenuity's Service.

Harl. 'Tis all right——Mr. *Afs* and Mr. *Owl*, you must submit to be transformed; but as for you, Mr. *Dragon* and Mr. *Windmill*, it will be necessary you should retain your natural Shapes, to add to our Entertainment which is now beginning——But hold, *Pluto* and his Attendants are advancing; they must first be receiv'd——

Enter the Devil, and the Shades of several beautiful Women.

Dev. Here, sign this Contract, *Faustus*, and all the Whores of the Universe are yours.

Harl. His Terms are good——agreed my Friend——*(He signs the Contract.*

Dev. Here, take this Wand——*(Giving him a small Stick)* and you're then install'd

stall'd with a *Damon's* Power——Now,
Sir—I have you in my Net (*Aside*)——
Beauties fly to the *Plutonian* Shades.——

(*Shades vanish.*)

Harl. Ah!—am I so soon deceiv'd?——

Dev. You are, my Son—— Ha——
ha——I'll sing ye a Song, and leave you.

(*Sings.*)

*You stand upon loose Fairy Ground,
Where Bumpers of Sulphur go round ;
Let all Men adore
Great Pluto's Power ;
The whole Face of the Earth let Darkness
surround,
And Bumpers of Sulphur, of Sulphur a-
bound.*

(*Sinks with Fire and Smoak.*)

Harl. I'm bit, I find—but I'll go on,
and make use of that time Fate has al-
lotted me.

Drag. Permit me to sing, Mr. Con-
jurer—I've a Song will divert your Me-
lancholy ; and its Wit is perfectly mo-
dern——

Harl. Let's have it, Mr. *Dragon*——Sing
it with a Grace.

Drag. I will, Sir—— (*The Dragon sings.*)

*The Windmill and Dragon,
What Age past can brag on ?*

Was

Was ever such Pleasure before ?

A Dragon to sing,

And yet be on wing,

And all Men this Scene t'adore :

This is Pleasure,

Without measure ;

Was ever such Pleasure before ?

Harl. An excellent Song !———

*Owl. I must act my Part too—Let me
have my polite Song, Mr. Satan—Hem—
hem——ha———*

(Sings.

*A Boy and Girl lay close together,
In frost and snowy Weather,*

The Boy got up,

And took a Cup,

The Girl cry'd do it,

He fell to it ;

O! dainty fine Sport,

*To please the Country, the Town, and
the Court.*

*Windm. My Voice is too hoarse for a
Song, but I'll dance ye a Jig, if Mr. Dra-
gon and Mr. Owl will favour me with their
Musick.*

Drag. We will, Sir——

(They sing, the Windmill dances.

*Afs. This is an Entertainment indeed—
Ha—ha—ha——A Windmill to dance, and
a Dragon sing——Ha—ha——.*

Harl.

Harl. Come, we'll all dance together.
(*They all dance and sing.*)

*We'll be jovial and merry
With Sack and with Sherry,
We'll dance and we'll sing, heigh down a
derry.*

Wind. Have not I perform'd my Part
like a fine Gentleman, and a C—r?

Harl. Yes, Sir——But who come
here?

Enter Ghosts, Fiends, and Shades, Singing.

Fiend Sings.

*My Master Old Nick
Has shew'd ye a trick;
But let none be sad
With Hearts that are glad:
Let all of you jump now over this Stick.*

Ghost Sings.

*Am not I Flesh and Blood?
This is understood;
'Tis you that are living are Ghosts,
All things are now chang'd,
Tho' nought is estrang'd,
Both Mortals and Shades have all their
old Posts.*

Shade

Shade Sings.

*Who says I'm a Shade,
Am not I a Maid,
With Youth and with Beauty so fine ?
I'll kiss, I can smack,
And lie on my Back,
What Rake to my Charms now does not
incline ?*

Harl. These are airy Songsters——
I presume they are *Italian* Ghosts.

Afs. I don't like 'em——They look pale
with Ire.

Owl. G——d, I'm terribly afraid of
'em.———If they should make a Ghost
of me, they'd spoil my singing.———
Stand off——stand off——Mr. Ghost——

(The Ghosts come near.

Afs. Nay, keep your distance, or I'll
run ye through the Guts.

Owl. Stand off, I tell ye, Ghosts, or
dem me I'll stap your Vitals.

Afs. Stir a step further, Shade, and I'll
knock your Brains out.

Owl. What strange Animals are these?—

(The Ghosts dance.

Harl. Let us join in the Dance——
Musick, play.

*(Harlequin, Owl, Afs, and the
Ghosts dance and sing in
Chorus.*

C

Ghosts

*Ghosts, Devils, and Men,
Go to it agen ;
Who wou'dn't be a Ghost that's thus merry?
All Men may suppose
A Ghost warms his Nose,
And drinks his Champain and his Sherry.*

*Owl. O does he?—'tis very well.—
(Exeunt all, dancing and
singing.*

Enter Punch and Puppets.

Punch. What pity 'tis I must quit my acting Station, and that the glorious Hero should be the Droll of a Puppet-Shew? —But so it is, and I've been a whole half Year in learning to dance and cut capers ; I can jig it with a *Shaw* or a *Thurmond*, dance upon my Hands, and play a Violin standing on my Head : For I find there's nothing to be done without a Dance and a Posture ; and if we don't excel the immortal *Fawks*, we are ruin'd and undone.

1 Pupp. 'Tis true——and we Puppets are the prettiest little docible Creatures to entertain the Town, that ever were created : a Man may carry us in his Pockets, like the Snake ; and wherever he goes, pull us out for his Diversion.

2 Pupp.

(II)

2 *Pupp.* Or carry us in a Bag, like a Monkey, and make us dance on the Ropes, and stand to our Fire-Locks.

3 *Pupp.* Right———but I'm no Monkey nor Rattle-Snake———I'm an Officer of the Army, and you must know I was the principal Commander that took Count *Tallard*, the *French* General, prisoner, during the last War.

1 *Pupp.* You took him!———you mistake, 'twas I that did it.

3 *Pupp.* Ay, you took him after he was taken, as your Brother-Soldier courageously shot the Colonel through the Head after he was kill'd.———Ha—ha———

2 *Pupp.* 'Twas I took the Marshal prisoner; with this Arm I dismounted him, and with this Foot I trod on his Neck: For you must know an *English* Puppet is a stronger Man than a *French* General.

1 *Pupp.* To that I agree———but I tell ye, I made the General captive; deny it, and you are a dead Man.

3 *Pupp.* 'Tis false—and I deny it——'tis a lye.

1 *Pupp.* You're a Son of a Whore.

3 *Pupp.* Not of your begetting———Have at ye.

(*The Puppets fight.*)

Punch. Hold, Gentlemen, and Brother Soldiers! tho' you're made of Wood and Wire, your Courage may prove fatal—I'll have no Blood spilt here.

3 *Pupp.* I'll thrust him thro' the Lungs.

Punch. Desist from your purpose, or I'll call the Conjurer to lay you.

3 *Pupp.* The Conjurer!—Oh! I'm thunderstruck!—I've done.

Punch. Let us go in, and act our Parts; the Audience waits with impatience for our Presence.

*'Tis Punch and Puppets which compose the
Feast,*

The Stage is grown a Raree-show at best.

(Exeunt Puppets.)

Enter Harlequin, Afs, and Owl.

Harl. Now I'll commence my Shew.—
Afs, be you instantly transform'd to a modish Citizen, with Horns exalted on your Forehead.— *(Striking him with his Wand.)*

Afs. I'm chang'd, transform'd.—This is wonderful!

Harl. Owl, be you no longer a Bird of Prey, but assume the fine Gentleman.

(He is also transform'd.)

Afs. This is astonishing! the Wonder of Wonders!

Harl.

Harl. Observe my Power, Gentlemen!—
This Leg I can sever from my Body, and
without any inconvenience put it on
again.

*(Cuts off a false wooden Leg, and his
right Leg appears.)*

Afs. Stupendous is the Sight I now
view——None but *Faustus* or a *Harlequin*
could effect it.

Harl. You, Mr. Book on yonder Shelf,
repair to your Master at the word of
Command.

*(The Book is toss'd to him by a Hand be-
hind the Shelf.)*

Afs. Surely he must be a Conjuror, and
a Devil!

Harl. Come speedy to my Hands a Let-
ter from *Lucifer*.

*(A Letter drops down from the top of the
Stage.)*

Afs. I'm diverted, amaz'd, pleas'd, and
astonish'd! This profound Ingenuity will
be always attended with the highest Ap-
plause.

(The Audience clap.)

Enter the Dragon, spitting Fire.

Harl. What think ye of this Sight, the
Wonder of the World?

*(The whole Audience hollow with Applause,
and shake the very Theatre.)*

Afs.

Afs. Here's Wit in Perfection!—Observe the Grin of this *Dragon*, his Head, and his Tail! What mortal Man but the famous *Harlequin*, or some great *Conjurer*, could have thought of this exalted Invention for the *British Stage*?

Harl. You know my Head is turn'd this way, Sir—And now you shall behold what he'll perform at a single word of Command.—*Dragon*, rise upon your hind Legs.——

(The Dragon rises on his hind Legs.

Afs. Prodigious!

Harl. Make your Approaches, and salute the Conjurer. *(The Beast kisses him.*

Afs. Surprizing!——'Tis a human Creature!

Harl. Shoulder your Firelock.——

(The Dragon puts a Musquet on his Back.

Afs. These are wonderful Tricks! Ha—ha—ha—I shall burst at the Entertainment! It exceeds even the Bear and the Monkey of *Hockley in the Hole*—Ha—ha——

Harl. Dance a Jig, Mr. *Dragon*.——

(The Dragon dances.

Afs. How nimble he is!——I have a month's mind to dance a Minuet with him.

Harl. Let me hear you sing a Song.——

(The Dragon sings.

Afs. He sings like an Eunuch—I presume he belongs to the Opera Theatre.

Harl.

Harl. Now take your flight, *Dragon*.—

Afs. Hold, *Mr. Conjuror*—Let me mount him first, and fly with him.——

(He endeavours to mount the Dragon, falls down, the Dragon is drawn up in the Air by Wires.

(The Audience ring with Applause.
I find 'tis a ticklish Beast—I've broke my Head and Understanding; but the fight is a Plaister.

Harl. Descend again, at my Command—

(To the Dragon.

(The Dragon descends, and with his long Tail wisks down one of the Stage-Boxes.

Audience. O Lord!—O Lord!—Murder!—Murder! Dragons! Furies! Huzza—huzza—huzza——Ha——ha——ha.——

(Some laugh and clap, and some cry out aloud.

Harl. Open behind, *Mr. Dragon*.

(The Dragon opens his Tail, and evacuates a Dancing-master, and then flies out of sight.

Afs. Surprizing Wit! Pray who are you, Sir?——

(To the Dancing-Master.

D.Mast. I'm a Master of Art in my Profession, which is that of a Gentleman Dancing-master.

Afs. Have ye been dancing in the *Dragon's* Belly, *Mr. Nimble-heels*?

D.Mast. What's that to you? Sir,——I can out-dance you, I'll warrant ye.——

(Trips up his Heels.

Afs.

Afs. Hey day——he's a Devil made of the Dragon's Tail.

D. Mast. I long to dance, and here's a Partner coming.

Enter Windmill.

Harl. Advance, Mr. *Windmill*, and give some entertainment to this great Assembly.——

(The Audience hollow and buzza, and are ready to beat down the House with Applause.)

You've here a Sight, Gentlemen, which never before appear'd on any Theatre——Stretch forth your Arms, Mr. *Windmill*.

(The Windmill turns round.)

Afs. But where's your Don *Quixotte*, Mr. *Harlequin*? I want to see him.

Harl. Don't ye know, Sir, that Monsieur *Harlequin* is the celebrated Don *Quixotte de la Mancha*, Knight of the famous Order of the Host, and Defender of all the distressed Chambermaids of *Christendom*.

Afs. Your Servant, Mr. Don——Pray combat your Giant, in defence of the peerless *Dulcinea del Tobosa*.

Harl. I will instantly——but won't you venture to enter the Lifts with me, Mr. *Afs*?

Afs.

Afs. Furnish me with Weapons, and I will.

Harl. There's a Weapon——

(Giving him his Wand.)

Afs. Pugh, what's this to the Wings of the Windmill and Tail of the Dragon?

Harl. 'Tis enough——you'll see it——Wand, transform into a Spear and a Helmet.

(A Spear and a Helmet are thrown in.)

Afs. Ay——these will do——Now have at this Giant.

Harl. Follow me.——Mr. Giant, I bid ye defiance; the peerless *Dulcinea*, the most beautiful Chambermaid of the Universe, has sent me to subdue the Giants of the Earth——Have at ye.

(Harlequin attacks the Windmill, and at once stops it; Afs pursues it, is whirl'd round, and at last let fall on the Stage.)

Afs. This is the Devil——my Breath is gone, my Brains are knockt out, and my whole Understanding is lost——I find, too late, 'tis I am the *Don Quixotte*——Oh!——

D

Enter

Enter a Country Girl.

Harl. Ha—ha——my dear Pretty-One, Are you come to my polite Entertainment?——

(Runs after her; she escapes to the Mill, appears at the top with Harlequin kissing her; a Countryman follows, and is thrown down.

C. Man. Wounds, I've brake my Skull
——Farewell, Zweetheart Joan.

Girl. O Toumas, Toumas, are ye deud?
——Come to Leef again, or I dey.

C. Man. Gee me a Kifs, and I'll dey in Peace.

Girl. Tiake it, tiake it, Toumas; Oh I vaint, I vaint, I must away——I'm loust, I'm loust.

(Exit Girl, and the Countryman is carry'd off the Stage.

Enter Punch and Puppets.

Harl. My dear Friend, Punch, I'm glad to see thee——You're come to close a tragick Scene, and inspire the Audience with fresh Mirth.

Punch.

Punch. Thomas I saw in yonder distant
Field,
Weltering in his Blood, and pale his Cheeks,
Life had forsook him, and all was desolate ;
Around him stood his dearest lovely Sweet-
heart,
Wringing her Hands, and tearing her bright
Hair,
With dismal Cries and Shrieks, her piercing
Voice
Loud eccho'd in the Woods, and pierc'd the
Skies.

Harl. No more of this tragick Strain ;
you forget you're to act a Part in Come-
dy, and that you've learn'd to dance.

Punch. I've done—Give me my Wheel-
barrow, and I'm content.

Harl. Wheelbarrow, appear——

Ent. Wheelbarrow.

Punch. Come, Brother Puppets, we'll
climb this Vehicle, and *Harlequin* shall be
our Driver.

(*Harlequin* wheels *Punch* and the *Puppets*
about the Stage, and at length oversets
them.

As. Prodigious witty !—Ha—ha—
I can't help laughing, tho' my Brains are
knock'd out.

Pupp. Ah — ha — we're kill'd! we're kill'd — (Squeeking.)

(The Audience clap aloud.)

Punch. You've broke my Head — Is this the Comedy I'm to act?

*Thus to attempt the Chariot of the Sun,
And thus fall down, like Phaeton.*

Harl. Hold — I bar Heroicks —

Punch. My tender Head is broke, and what will then become of my poor Brains? —

Harl. Cease Heroicks, I say — Come, jump over this Stick, Pug.

Punch. My Head aches sorely — Ah — ah — (Squalls out.)

Harl. Begin to exercise your Heels, or I'll — Is this Comedy? — Jump, Sirrah — (Beating him.)

Punch. Since I, who have been often a King, must descend from an Emperor to a Monkey, alloun —

(Jumps over the Stick.)

A/s. Ha — ha — ha — This is the prettiest Entertainment for the Stage I ever saw.

Harl. Puppets, do you dance the polite Jig, Bob and Joan.

(The Puppets all dance.)

Afs. This is fine, indeed! —

(The Audience clap.)

Harl. Now you shall see something wonderful.—The next Scene is a Dancing-Master performing on his Head.

Enter a Dancing-Master dancing on his Head.

Afs. Wonderful I vow! — Have ye no Women thus to dance? — But I'm in pain for him; he makes such Capers on his Head, that I fear his Noddle, like the Virgin's Pipkin, will come home crack'd at last.

Harl. No, no, Sir — His Wit keeps him steady — You'll next see him twist himself into the Shape of an Owl — Change to an Owl, Mr. Nimble-Toes.

D.Mast. I do —

(He turns himself into the shape of a Bird.)

Harl. Assume the Shape of a Baboon —

D.Mast. Yes, Sir —

(He draws himself up into a small Form on all four.)

Harl. Be immediately metamorphos'd to a Bear.

D.Mast. I am —

(He extends himself on all four to a large Size, and moves heavily on the Stage.)

Harl.

Harl. Very well, Mr. Bear—you've done your Parts.

Afs. These are such prodigious Transformations, that they surpass all others; and they have nothing less than Conjurat-ion in them.

Harl. My Play is now almost at a conclusion.—*Dragon*, once more descend.—

Enter Dragon.

Punch and *Puppets*, mount the *Dragon*; and then you, Mr. *Dragon*, dance a Minuet.

Enter here, Heathen Gods, Ghosts, and Devils, as Company for the Dragon, and Windmill, and Puppets.

Harl. Gods, join in a Dance —

Gods. Let us dance, let us dance, till time is no more; 'tis Godlike to dance and be merry. (*They dance with the Ghosts, Devils, and Harlequin.*)

(*The Audience clap prodigiously.*)

Afs. Ha—ha—Entertainment upon Entertainment!—How well the Gods and Devils agree!

Harl. Now, assemble all my Friends, and I'll sing a Song.

(*The Devil, Ghosts, Shades, Fiends, Dragon, &c. all attend, and Harlequin sings:*
The

*The Play is now o'er,
 We'll each have a Score
 Of Glasses, and Bumpers put round ;
 We'll drink, and we'll whore,
 Our Bottles adore,
 And all Men with Mirth shall abound.*

*Let Devils and Ghosts,
 Repair to their Posts ;
 The Shade and the Fiend hence depart ;
 Whilst e'ery one boasts
 Of Mistresses Toasts,
 Tho' we for our Pleasure severely all smart.*

*Let Devils and Men,
 Agree in this Scene ;
 We'll all of us join in one Voice,
 Play Tricks o'er again,
 Whilst Life does remain,
 And Dragons, and Windmills, and Puppets
 rejoice.*

Chorus.

*Whilst Life does remain,
 Shall Dragons and Windmill, and Puppets
 and Players rejoice.*

*Dev. Hold, Sir—I'll put a stop to all
 your impertinent Mirth ; your Contract
 must now be observ'd, and the Hour is
 come you are mine.*

*(Hurries him away in a flash of Fire.
 Harl.*

Harl. Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—

Afs. This is a tragical ending—Sorrow we find is the Event of Mirth, and Punishment the Reward of unbounded Passions—But we are oblig'd to *Harlequin* for the Representation.

*This Play, tho' void of all the Comick Rules,
The Men of Sense can please, as well as
Fools;*

*Applause hath found beyond all Drama's past,
So true's our Judgment, and so good our Taste.*

F I N I S.

4 AP. 54



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